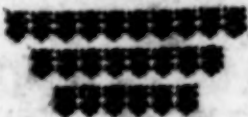


THE  
SONGS  
IN  
CIRCE.

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Licensed May 7. 1677.  
ROGER LESTRANGE.

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LONDON,  
Printed for Richard Tonson, at his Shop under *Graves-Inn-gate*  
next *Graves-Inn-lane* MDC LXX VII.

THE  
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LONDON  
Printed for Richard Tooke at the Shop under Gunpowder-  
near Gunpowder-Market MDCLXXVII.

THE SONGS  
IN  
CIRCE

Act I.

Scene Circe's Cave.

*This is sung by her Women, at the Infernal Sacrifice.  
Priests join in the Chorus.*

WE must assemble by a Sacrifice  
Those Demons who do range about the skies;  
Their necessary aid you use,  
Those poy's'nous Herbs and Roots to chuse;  
Which mingl'd, and prepar'd by your strong Art,  
Do to your Charms their chiefest force impart:  
Your Censors to the Altar take,  
And with Arabian Gums sweet Odours make,  
The Air with Musick gently wound:  
Sweet smells they love, and every pleasing sound.

Act

Come

# The Sings in Circe.

I.

**C**OME every Demon who breeds

The Fates of mighty Monarchies,  
And orders how they rise and set;

All you who Love and Lust inspire,  
And kindle wild Ambition's fire,

The dang'rous sickness of the Great.

*Chor. Circe, the Daughter of the Sun obey,  
Or in his gilded Beams you ne'r shall play.*

II.

You who hatch Factions in the Court,

Sedition in the meaner sort,

Amongst the Pious, holy Strife;

Tumults in Camps, in Senates too

Those Discords which the good undo,

All, all that wait on humane life.

*Chor. Circe, the Daughter of the Sun*

**L**overs! who to their first embraces go,  
Are slow and languishing compar'd to you;  
In speed you can out-do the winged Wind,  
And leave ev'n Thought, creeping and ty'd behind.

*Spirit*

## The Song in Circé's

A Spirit rises, and lays a farr at Circé's feet.

Behold, quick as thy thought,

Th' Ingredients of thy Spells are brought,

By which thy dismal Business must be wrought.

Great Minister of Fate,

In this deep Cave you sit in state,

Famine and Pestilence about you wait;

At your dread word they fly through every Land,

Whilst their fierce undiscerning rage

Do's pity neither Sex nor Age.

Death is as blind as Love, at your command.

*Chor.* Each Plant and Herb have all their poison sent;

On what new mischief is your Magick bent?

By a Priest alone.

**P**luto, arise!

From those blest shades where Kings and Lovers are,

Where those no torment have from state and care,

And those feel not the torment of Despair.

*The Song in Act II*

ACT II

Scene, *A Port with the Græcian Fleet,*

*Sung by Furies.*

I

**T**His impious Breast you Furies fill!  
With all that Hell of Horror does contain,  
Gnaw, gnaw his Heart: you Scorpions still!  
*Chor.* But from himself he feels the sharpest pain.  
But from himself he feels the sharpest pain.

II

For any other humane Crime  
Tears and Repentance may Oblations be;  
But nothing shall atone for him.  
*Chor.* The damn'd may sooner pardon find than He,  
The damn'd may, &c.

*Sung by Iris on a Rainbow.*

**C**ease valiant Hero! cease to grieve;  
The Gods thy Prayers and Penitence receive:  
You cannot sin so fast as they forgive.

BAI

EA

II.





**The Song in Canto**

But when we are old  
And our Blood grows cold,  
Not Art nor Fiftian can incite us

**Act III.**

**Scene, the Temple of Diana Taurica.**

*Sung by Priests.*

**O**H! Heav'nly Virgin! from thy starry Throne,  
Look down on *Syria*, thy most holy Seat,  
Our Arms with Victory and Trophies crown.  
'Tis eafie to be Good when we are Great.

'Tis juft Mankind fhould at thy Altar bleed,  
Who thy fmall Empire Chaftefy invade;  
Whatever happy Lover does furored  
From chafte *Diana's* Province feals a Maid

*By a Priest alone.*

**O** Cheated Mortals, what has Life of fweet?  
Who is contented with the prefent day?  
Our prefent Joy is a vain hope, we may  
From the next hour fome eafe and pleasure meet

Thar



**The Song to Cybele**

That Courteer, Life, does feed  
Poor Mortals with a hope they shall succeed :  
We will be wise, and dye, prepare the sacred Knife,  
Farewel ! farewel ! thou valu'd trifle, Life.

Wound, wound the Victim, pierce his sacred Breast,  
And give his lab'ring Soul eternal rest.

---

**Act IV.**

**Scene Circe's Garden.**

*Sung by her Women.*

**L.**

**S**igh, Lovers! sigh!  
The God of Love inspires  
Kind gentle thoughts, and warm desires;  
See the Winds blow, the flowers move!  
'Tis Nature that doth sigh for Love.

## The Sanguin Circle

Alas, they do not sing  
 To welcome in the Beautiful Spring,  
 But in their untaught Notes complain  
 Of Love, our Universal pain.

*Sung by the Women.*

YOUNG *Phaon* strove the bliss to taste,  
But *Sappho* still deny'd ;  
He struggl'd long, till Youth at last  
Lay panting by her side.

Useless he lay, Love would not wait  
Till they could both agree;  
They idly languish'd in debate  
When they should active be.

III.

At last, come ruine me, she cry'd,  
And then there fell a Tear,  
I'll in thy Breast my Blushes hide;  
Do all that Virgins fear.

IV.

Oh, that Age could Loves rites perform!  
We make old men obey,  
They court us long; Youth do's but storm  
And plunder, and away.

*Sung by Orpheus sitting on Parnassus,*

I.

Give me my Lute, in thee some ease I find,  
Euridice is dead,  
And to that dismal Country fled  
Where all is sad and gloomy as my mind.

H

Moral!

B 2

II.

*The Songs in Circe.*

## II.

The World has nothing worth a Lover's care;  
 None now by Rivers weep,  
 Verse and the Lute are both asleep;  
 All Women now are false, and few are fair.

## III.

Thy Scepter, Love, shall o're the Aged be,  
 Lay by thy useles darts;  
 For all our Youth will guard their hearts,  
 And scorn thy fading Empire, taught by me.

## IV.

Beauty, the *Thracian* Youth no more shall move;  
 Now they shall sigh no more,  
 But all my noble Verse adore,  
 It has more graces than the Queen of Love.

*Sung by Cupid.*

**H**ow dull is all the World! that none should move,  
 In the Cause of injur'd Love.  
 The Bad are safe; Heav'n's idle Thunder tears  
 Mountains; but the Guilty spares.

Mortal!

*The Songs in Circe*

88

Mortal ! our holy Altars then shall be  
Ever thus prophan'd by Thee ;  
If Poets, Beauties faithful Train, rebell,  
Vows and Incense all firewell.  
How can thy noble Art ungrateful prove,  
Fed by Beauty and by Love ?

Hark ! hark ! these Bells and *Berecynthian* pipes declare  
That *Ibrace* a Feast to *Bacchus* does prepare ;  
The raging *Bacchinal*s his rites fulfill,  
They shall revenge me, and the Rebel kill.

*Enter Bacchinals and sing.*

Fill all the Bowls with sprightly Wine,  
And let the Women drink :

Men visit now, are very fine,  
Talk much, and never think.

Sure these Follies our Sex may claim as their due,  
Since Mankind encroaches  
On our small Debauches,

New Manly delights let the Women pursue.  
This comfort poor Cuckolded Ladies did find,  
To drown in full Bowls  
The Cares of their Souls,

When the Husband is false and the Gallant unkind.

*Chor.* In empty Beds we absent Lovers mourn :  
There sits the Man that do's our Empire scorn :

*The Song of the Circle.*

He makes the *Thracian* Youth despise  
 Warm swelling Breasts and dying eyes.  
 Make ready your darts and valiantly fling,  
 Let him dye, to his groans we'll dance and we'll sing.

## A &amp; V.

## Scene, a City.

*Sung by the God of sleep,*

**T**He noise of humane life forsake,  
 Where Love and Business keep the World awake  
 Some quiet Mansion seek,  
 Where Fames loud call shall not our slumbers break.  
 But happy Ignorance, upon thy careless Breast,  
 Methinks we take the gentlest rest.  
*Chor.* Sleep, sleep within a drowsie Cave  
 Dark ! dark ! and silent as the Grave.

*Sung by Circe's Women.*

**M**Aids in wiles stretch and pant,  
 Wives the mighty Blessing want.  
*Chor.* Careful Love their Torment sees,  
 Sinda I'm Detains, and they have ease.

## *The Songs in Circe.*

13

Women can be chaste in spite,  
Gallants must retire to night,  
*Chor. Careful Love, &c.*

*Sung by Phobetor.*

**B**Egon fair Visions, to the Court remove,  
VWhole Bus'ness is to dream of Love;  
And you black Terrors of the night appear,  
You wild Creations of our wilder fear.  
You dismal Visions that on Guilt attend,  
Furies and Fiends from Hell ascend:  
Religion finds you better far than Law,  
To ride Mankind, and keep the VWorld in awe.  
Oh Horror! Horror! from Deaths gloomy shade  
Arise! arise! the frightened VWorld invade.

## *FINIS.*

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*Antony and Cleopatra*, a Tragedy: as it is acted at the  
*Duke's Theatre*. VVritten by the Honourable Sir *Charles*  
*Sedley* Baronet. Sold by *Richard Tonson* at his shop under  
*Graves-Inn-gate*, next *Graves-Inn-lane*.